THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. ROBERT BONNER, PROPRIETOR, 44 & 46 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 26.

"THE BEING OF THE HEART."

BY SALLIE M. RIVAN.

Most splendid are the myriad stars that light
The dark blue, solemn silence of the night!
Yet were they all mine own, and none the power
To rest in such bright bosom any hour,
I'd give my glorious empire rightfully,
Oh, Peace that haunts my Dream-land! to win thee.

The Sublime Universe are my daily fare,
And the gold glowing of thy sexy hair,
Mines unshorn for my spoil, and I view
A lovelight waving in the dreamy blue
Of thy unchanging eyes. Shall tears not flow
Through their dark, heavy lashes dropping low?

He lies a corpse, save of fellow-men,
Count they, my vital? he can miss not such!
Could not do a greater kindness! Instant
Cover pulseless one moment even, and yours
The joyful, calm compression of my own,
And breathe new spirit through their seeming bones?

Could not thy warm love fire a passion grave
Through my unchanging cheek? No, no, oh, no—
I ask the unattainable—the wine
Of Dream-land is too rich for brain like mine—
It burns a madness through its very zeal,
And I've no power such madness to control.

Yet, if thine frame figeria blest,
The cloud hanging at a mortal's breast,
Could not a god cause as a goddess sound,
And light thy cheeks flame with zeal of flame?
Ah, through the mists of madness in my brain
I hear an evil angel shriek: 'In vain!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "—GOD'S, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE OUTCASTS OF HOMOR;" "—KAMBA, THE MOOR;" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAST OF THE PIRATE.

The companion-way of the cabin of the brig was covered by a trunk about three feet high, and about the same in width; and the entrance was guarded by two doors, each of which was a foot and a half wide. When this companion-way was open for passage, the top of the trunk was folded back; but this top was now bolted firmly on, and secured upon the outside, so that the heaviest blows of the door only gave the pirates an aperture eighteen inches wide, by three feet high, through which to force their way. They might have knocked down the other door, but the moment the first was down, the path was so great, that the narrow way was fatally choked up; the men were wedged in like pigs in a corner, and the only movement they could possibly make, was to press forward with all their power.

The first man of them who made his appearance was a great stout fellow, named Marshall, an Indo-Englishman, and one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of the pirate crew. As his head arose from the companion-way, Pinto's handspike came down upon it with such force as fairly to smash the skull; but instead of falling back, the pressure from behind forced it up, and the huge body was thrown forward in its death-grasp upon the deck.

"Don't go in front of the way!" cried Jack, as he brought his handspike down upon the second head. "They've gois' to fire! They've got pistols!"

As he spoke, his party divided to the right and left, in which position they could strike down the pirates as they came out in front. The villains had obtained their pistols in the cabin.

The man whom Jack had struck, was forced up by those behind, as the dead had been, and another head quickly followed, which served as a mark for the club of O'Neil. Thus three of the pirates had been killed and forced upon the deck, when the strong pressure from behind was silenced short. Had the cover of the trunk been now slid back, the sentinels would have been in a very dangerous position; for the pirates would have rushed up faster than they could have been knocked back; but as it was, they were still crowded and impeded in their progress. The spectators was only three feet square, and those that tried to come out upon their hands and knees; or, at best, upon their hands and feet; and only two could come at a time. The moment the forward door gave way three of them crowded half up, and there they stuck, until they were killed by those above.

"Back with 'em!" shouted Warton, who was at the foot of the ladder. "Pull 'em back, or push 'em up, and then fire! Use your pistols!"

The living pirates attempted to pull the three corpses back; but now choked up the way, but they found that impossible, from the crowded state of things behind; so they tried to push them over upon the deck. This last work they finally accomplished, but at the expense of two more men, who were knocked in the head by Pinto and Wallace.

At this moment, half a dozen pistols were discharged, but without much damage. The pirates were not in a position, even, to fire a pistol with any precision.

At this juncture, the voice of Warton was heard calling his men back. He saw the trouble, and he hoped to remedy it. He called every man down, and in a moment more he was heard to give orders as follows:—

"Now—here!—Move up!. Form two and two! Back here, in front! Form in two files, and then rush up in death! You only keep each other back, by crowding up as you have done!"

At this moment, Jack's eye rested upon the rumsling end of the main-sheet-bend, which lay coiled up just forward of the trunk, by the mizzenmast. Quick as thought he turned to Pinto and spoke; and then, while the latter clapped the doors to, he caught the stout rope, whisked it around the trunk, and gave it a turn about the rail on the opposite side. O'Neil and Dolan caught a-hold and helped draw the stout taught, and then it was carried back, with another turn, from whence it started. After this, it was carried once more about, and then hauled tight and belayed; thus giving three turns of the stout rope about the two doors.

At the first turn, the pirates had rushed up, but they were too late to force the doors open. The stout had been drawn so taught that they were held down firm, and once more the axe was brought into requisition. But this time was passing.

Over half an hour had elapsed, and the ship was now almost up. Three of the southmen went to the beach and lay the main-topsail sail, thus leaving the brig lo. In three minutes more, the mainsail-yeer was in hall.

"What brig is that?" cried the captain.

Jack seized a trumpet, and sprang to the rail.

"The prize brig. *Wal Bay!*" he returned. "Two of us have secured the crew below! Help! Help!—quick!"

A man in the ship's main-top at this moment, represented to his commander, that he could see dead men on the brig's deck.

The captain cast his eye over the brig, and so he saw no signs of preparation for resistance, he gave orders for bringing his ship to, under the pirate's lee quarter.

Warton heard all this, and with all the power of voice he could command, he thundered away for his men to break down the doors. It was too late now, to think of the hatches. The axes was piled again with renewed force, and very soon an aperture was made, large enough to run a man's head through. A sharp blade was then thrust, and the sheet cut, before it could be prevented. Only one length was cut; but as the turns had not been belayed, the doors were pushed partly open. And yet nothing was gained towards a passage; but in a moment more a sharp cutlass entered the two remaining turns, and then the doors flew back.

But the pirates had no time to spend the work. Two of them rushed up, and met the crushing blows of the handspikes of Pinto and O'Neil, just as the captain of the ship, with his men, all armed to the teeth, heaped on board. Jack turned towards him, and quickly made known himself and them.

We too, sir, were trapped about this brig by these villains, and we formed a plan for getting her up. This is our first chance. The pirates are below. We got 'em down there by a trick. There's thirty-two on 'em alive. We've killed seven!"

"No—only thirty on 'em!" interposed Pinto. "O'Neil and me just settled two on 'em!"

At this juncture the pirates made a movement for the cabin windows; but they were foiled here, for Bion and Redland had been over and secured them all.

The captain of the ship asked Jack if he had command of the deck.

"I have had, sir."

"Aye, sir, do," added Pinto touching his hat. "Jack Wallace could be a captain, sir, if he has been our head man from the first."

"Good," resumed the Englishman; and then turning to Jack, he added: "Will you give up your command to me?"

"Wal I?" cried the old sailor, joyfully. "Yes, sir. You are my captin, now, and we are all ready to obey orders."

The commander smiled, and thanked the noble sailor, and then turned to the companion-way.

The pirates had all withdrawn to the cabin, where they could be heard talking in low, earnest tones; curses—fury and impious—mingling with their conversation; while upon the deck were now a hundred men, awaiting the orders of their commander.

MARGERY GIFFY COMES TO A DETERMINATION.

"Hallo! below there?" cried the captain of the ship, standing on the companion-way.

"What d'ye want?" returned Warton, in a savage tone.

"Will you surrender?"

"No!"

"Then you'll be killed where you are?"

"We may as well die here as elsewhere!"

"They're a desperate set, sir," said Jack.

"I should suppose that!" returned the captain.

A consultation was held, and it was soon planned that the pirates should be attacked from the berth-deck. Accordingly, muskets were brought from there, and with them, the men-of-warsmen armed themselves. The fore and main hatches were thrown off, and then the men passed down. Part of the bulkhead had been torn away; but even that which stood, was not so thick but that a bullet might do execution through it. The captain gave orders to fire, and it was done. A succession of grunts followed, and the bulkhead was taken effect.

"What's the use?" cried one of the pirates, after the fire volley. (Jack, who stood by the companion-way, heard him.) "If we stay here, we've got to die, anyhow; but if we surrender, we may have one chance, at any rate, of escape."

This idea was caught up by the rest of the villains, and very soon they consulted to give themselves up; and so Warton announced. Accordingly, a strong force was stationed at the companion-way, and as the pirates came up, they were immediately taken and bound. Warton came last. He saw no signs of submission. Pale—livid in the position, and he at once suspected the truth; so he crept round and climbed up on the trunk, where he could reach over.

The pistol again came on, and as he stood upon the last step of the ladder, his eye rested upon Jack Wallace.

"You bloody hound!" he blared, "take that!"

As he spoke, he thought to raise a cocked pistol, which he held in his right hand; but the strong grip of Jack Pinto was laid upon his arm, and the weapon instantly snatched from his grasp. A deep, bitter curse fell from his lips, and on the next moment, he was fairly bound. As soon as the lines were upon him, he spoke not a word. He hung his head, and stepped ancient to await the gate of his captor.

The prisoners were put on board the ship, and then the captain, whose name was Trelaine, called captain of the ship, with his men, all armed to the teeth, heaped on board. Jack turned towards him, and quickly made known himself and them.

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second mate. The old sailor at first was upon the point of refusing; and came very near remarking that he couldn't write; but he happened to remember that he had been learning something during the voyage home, and he finally consented, provided he could have two weeks to himself after he reached port.

Of course Ben consented as soon as he knew that Jack was going, for the old sailor showed this a father to him now, and he hoped to remain with him until he grew old himself, at least. Captain Puffer owned half of the ship, so that whatever arrangements he might make with regard to his crew must first be his own.

It was near the end of October that the "Good News" dropped her anchors in the lower bay, and on the first day of November she had permission to come up to the city; and as soon as she had reached her dock, Jack and Ben went on shore.

It was a pleasant day—a little cool—but not enough to be uncomfortable. Ben had been absent very near a year and a half. He had grown considerably during that time, both in height and size, and the rough life he had led had served to develope much of the man which, in a boy, was but a conscious power, a sense of self-reliance, and a spirit of noble daring, which for boys of his age possess and excite his delight and have possessed them but for the starting and effective ordeals through which he had passed.

The boy's first desire was to see Aunt Margery and Cora. He had not the most remote idea of where to find them; but Jack remembered the place very well, and agreed to go there at once.

"How do d'ye s'pose you are, Ben?" the mate asked Jack, as they reached the head of the dock, which was near the foot of Catherine street.

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Ben. "How far are we?"

"Well—not so far as we might be. D'ye see that old house right up the street?"

"The one with a store in this corner?"

"Yes."

"Yes—I see it."

"Well—the house we took ye from on the morning after we went aboard the Baltimore was just behind that one. Ye see that ere narrow passage?"

"Yes."

"We'll go in there, and see what we find."

As Ben passed in through the narrow way, and reached the court beyond, he recognized the place in a moment. With a strangely beating heart he approached the door and knocked. Jack stopped close alongside. The summons was soon answered by Margery herself. She gazed on the boy's face a moment, and then, with a hearty clap of her great brawny hands, she cried—

"My lords Bless! My bodies Bless! Why—Bless! Bless! Ye've growed, Ben!"

"Yes, Aunt Margery, it is I, sure enough." And when he had suffered her to shake his hand a full half minute he turned and introduced Jack.

"You remember him, don't you, Aunty?"

"Yes—yes—I does. He's the one that come and took ye away. But come in."

Then speaking the old woman led the way to the front room, where she presented her visitors with seats. She asked several questions in quick succession, but Ben hardly heard them. He was thinking of Cora. However, Jack answered for him, and that did just as well. The boy was upon the point of asking after his playmate, when the old door, through which he had passed so many times in his little chamber, was opened, and a man came down into the kitchen. Ben started up, for he was sure he recognized the step, and got at first he could not call it distinctly to mind.

"Ha! me little Bless!" cried the new-comer, warmly. "Is it yoursilf? Arrah—be me sowl, but it's good for sore eyes to see the likes of me own little Irish wonst more!"

It was Barney Driscol—Ben's old Irish tutor—the man who had been driven off by the hand of the other. But the boy was shocked beyond measure. The good tutor, as he called him, was dead, and the mere shadow of the generous tutor he had left a year and a half before. His wan pale face, and red rooted almost to a skeleton in the step was weak and tottering, and his hand trembled as he held it out.

"Mr. Driscol," said Ben, warmly, but with his eyes suffused with moisture, "I am glad to see you—indeed I am. I have thought of you often, and always wish the warmest gratitude. But—but—"

"Ah—ye notice me sickness, boy—ye notice the change—but there's some ever ye get well. So let it! He's futile, Bless—futile! fast! But I mustn't stop now. I must see the doctor in just two minutes, or I may lose him. But I'll see ye again. I'll come to-morrow. But you are lookin' lovely, be me—lovely. Cora and I was just talkin' of ye a minute ago. We were sayin' how we'd love to see ye. Ah—it makes yer sowl leap, does it! Well—Cora's step just to where she speaks of you."

The tutor shook hands once more, and then took his leave.

"I may go to?" whispered the boy, turning towards Aunt Margery.

"Shan't I go an' tell her ye is come?"

"No, sir; let me go up."

"Well—up ye go."

"You'll wait, Jack?"

"Whats the need? I'll come 'round here for ye again. Ye may want to stop now."

Ben had not thought of that; but now that it was mentioned, it struck him as the best plan. So Jack took his leave, promising to call in the evening.

As soon as he was gone, Ben started up the narrow stairway. He remembered the door, and approaching it upon tiptoe he knocked. A sweet, gentle voice said—"come in!" and the boy pushed the door open and entered. Cora—bright and beautiful as ever—sprang from her seat with a half waking smile upon her face, looked up from her book.

"Cora!"

The book was dropped in an instant, and the girl sprang to her feet. She gazed a moment, as if to assure herself that she was not deceived, and then bounded forward; and as a wood fell from her lips could she had pillowed her head upon the boy's bosom.

"Ben!" she murmured at length. "It is my Ben!"

"Yes, Cora. Ben has come as he said he would. Our ship has just got in; and my sister's dead the wharf first of all, and came ashore. You have not forgotten me, Cora?"

"Forgotten! Oh! you are the only thing on earth I love! How could I forget you? I like Aunt Margery; and I like good Mr. Driscol; but if I love you, then I don't love them. No—I love only Ben—I think of him always—I pray for him—he is never absent. Oh! Ben—will you not stay with me now?"

"A little while, Cora; but I cannot stop long. But we must think of that now."

The two had just sat down, when Aunt Margery made her appearance. She came in with a smile upon her face, and she seemed really happy to see her "little darling boy" once more.

"I knowed ye'd be tellin' Cora yer adventur's," she explained, "and I thought I'd just come up an' hear 'em, too. I s'pect ye've had some curi'us times, Ben?"

"I have, Aunty. I have had some such times as I hope I may never have again."

"Have you been in danger?" cried Cora, resting her clasped hand upon Ben's arm.

"You shall hear, dear Cora. It will tell you all alone in."

It was early in the afternoon, Ben having eaten his dinner just before he left his ship, and having commenced his story he went on with it regular history of his adventures. He told how he got on with his duties the first few months, and how he progressed in a knowledge of seamanship. Then he gave an account of his shipwreck, and of the cruise to the long-boat. When he came to the drawing of lots to decide who should die, Cora seemed so anxious and fearful as he had been at the very time. She had become so excited, and carried away by the story that she seemed to forget that Ben's presence was an assurance of his safety, for when he came to the lower he drew the fatal lot she uttered a quick cry of terror and breathlessly gasped—

"Oh! no! no!—not you! Oh! not you, Ben?"

"Why—what's the matter, dear Cora? Aint I here, safe and sound? Don't you see that I'm safe?"

Margery gazed upon the boy a full minute after he had concluded, and when she spoke her tones were wild and excited.

"Ben, ye hain't told us the whole truth. If'Jack Wallace had told us the story we should 'a' had more o' yer doin's. I can tell, by what ye say, that ye've had more than most 'a' happened. Ye hain't told us how ye did escape."

"Yes, I have, Aunty."

"No, ye hain't, Ben. But never mind. I'd rather see ye nobler than to see ye frad o' brag, Ben. Ye're a mate boy, Ben."

"And you must remember that I am only a boy, Aunty."

"I shall remember just as much of that as there's any need on, me boy. But I must go and get some supper. Ye always preferred fish, Ben, at the shakin' o' the sea. Which'd ye thought 'twas so late. You an' Cora can talk as much as ye've a mind to in the afternoon and evening."

When the two children were left alone they had much to say to each other. Ben told Cora all of which he wished not that Margery should hear. He told her the story of Cora's father, and how he had yielded him many an hour of pleasant thought; and how the words she had spoken had been ever with him, cheering him in the hour of danger and his sorrows. And then he told her how he hoped to make something of himself, and even began to guiding star to his aspirations.

And Cora had much to tell. With her arms twined about Ben's neck, and her cheek upon his breast, she told how she had prayed for him every night, and how she always lay awake when the storm beat upon her little window, and wondered if it were not upon the ship of Ben.

Ah—the love that warmed those two hearts, and should their fondest hope, was not placed up a vacuum in its tone, and as deep in its growth, as ever grieved in mortal bosom. The long years they had spent together as brother and sister had but served to the other; and the many books they had read had served, as to behold him more worthy of their affections. They talked of marriage with as much interesting and appreciation as one of the feit; and their love was founded upon a proper respect for each other's virtues.

"Do you very innocent love you had gone," said Cora, when she came to tell how she had spent her time for the last few months. "Some day or month I came up here and cried every day. It seemed as if I could not cease, for I knew that I was to take her away."

"Yes, and for her sometime next week. To-day is Thursday. About a week from this time."

And where to go? asked Cora, with a sudden earnestness of look that. She will go a good many miles from here."

"Why, Cora, are something about what you mean to do with her, now?" yes?" responded the boy, looking very calmly.

"Why—what is it to you?"

"A good deal to me. You must mind he's the girl I love here with me a good many years; and—p'r'haps you want believe it—but she's grown very dear to me. When I left I hadn't half determined what I should do."

"Never mind, well enough—never fear."

"Where d'ye mean to send her? Margery asked, rather imperatively.

"Not much, I guess."

"But I do mind."

"Then you need to know it, that I have found a good home for her."

"Where?" demanded Margery Gault, in a tone such as can only be used by one in power, "since Cora leaves my roof I want to know much of a gentleman. He must be a gentleman."

"Suppose I didn't tell you?" returned the man, speaking like one who was not to be trifled with. "I only came this afternoon to tell you that I was going."

"Yes, sir, I've been very well enough—never fear."

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"Suppose I didn't tell you?" returned the man, speaking like one who was not to be trifled with. "I only came this afternoon to tell you that I was going."

"Why—then I s'pose you wouldn't—that's all."

"Yes, I would; but I'd better let it go at that," added the man, as though that were the final decision.

"Very well. I'm willin', sir." Margery spoke with a sigh, and her head sunk upon her bosom, and her head bent on one side, with an inmoment sort of look, which was very significant.

"Now, Ben, you will, with an uneasy look, "you and Cora may run up stairs a little while."

The two children started off at once, but ere Cora turned she caught the gaze of the stranger fixed sharply and searchingly upon her. She must have been gazed at in the same manner by a hundred men in succession without being moved as she was by that look; but there was something in the man's face that startled her. It was far from being an ugly one, and was even handsome; but there was an expression of the countenance—an indefinable something about the eyes and lips that struck quick terror to her soul. When she reached the little room she caught Ben by the arm and asked him if he knew the man. He said he did not.

"But what is the matter, Cora? You look pale!"

"That face has frightened me, Ben."

"Frightened you, Cora! How? Have you ever seen it before?"

"I don't know. I think not. And yet—you

I must have seen it. Did you notice how he gazed at me?"

"O—that was nothing, dear Cora. Aunt Margery will take care of you."

"Aunt Margery!" repeated the girl, starting, as if from the horror of her own thoughts. And then resting her cheek upon Ben's bosom, she murmured—

"Oh! I don't love Aunt Margery. She isn't as she used to be. She don't love me. She is afraid I will take you away. She has said so to me here just now. Ben—I—am—*a—fool prisoner in this place!*"

The boy started up as though he had been touched by a live wire, and his cheeks became pale. A new light was breaking in upon him. He caught Cora to his bosom, and whispered into her ear that he would take her away from there.

"Where?" she asked, in a frightened tone.

"Wait till Jack comes. I'll ask him. I'll find out something more. Don't cry, Cora. Don't cry. You shall not be harmed while I live."

CHAPTER XXX.

REVENGE AND COMMISSIONS.

As soon as Ben and Cora had gone the visitor took a seat and listened until the sound of the departing feet had died away.

"Who is that boy?" he asked, when he was assured that the children were well out of the way.

"The girl you mean, sir?" Margery Gault returned Margery.

"I mean a boy—any other boy," responded the man, rather tartly.

"Why—why—why! I didn't know but ye had. Howsumever, that boy don't belong here. He's a ivory o' mine, sir."

"A—a—prize, at him?"

"Yes, sir. He's the child o' me brither."

"Which brother?"

"Me brither Teddy."

"Teddy who?"

"Teddy McCafferty. If ye mane my brither."

"But that is an Irish name, Mrs. Gault. You are not Irish."

"That's be reason why me sister myan't have married no Irishman but me own."

"O—then he's your sister's child, is he?"

"Ho, sir—he isn't."

"How do you make that out?"

"Simply this way: Me sister Teddy's dead."

"Dead! When?"

"Teddy who?"

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"I shall remember just as much of that as there's any need on, me boy. But I must go and get some supper. Ye always preferred fish, Ben, at the shakin' o' the sea. Which'd ye thought 'twas so late. You an' Cora can talk as much as ye've a mind to in the afternoon and evening."

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"Not much, I guess."

"But I do mind."

"Then you need to know it, that I have found a good home for her."

"Where?" demanded Margery Gault, in a tone such as can only be used by one in power, "since Cora leaves my roof I want to know much of a gentleman. He must be a gentleman."

"Suppose I didn't tell you?" returned the man, speaking like one who was not to be trifled with. "I only came this afternoon to tell you that I was going."

"Yes, sir, I've been very

PARTED.

BY CLARA STINNET.

The ocean rolls between us now
For many a thousand mile,
The last fond kiss has pressed my brow—
Yet thus I part and smile.

I will not think about to see my face,
That heart's bright smile has fled from me!
Who could believe I long to end
With the unbreathed word?

Ah! none can see the aching heart
That bears within my bosom,
And none can know how thankfully
I hide its wild emotion.

The lip may often wear a smile,
The laugh ring clear and gay,
While the poor heart may sadly
Pine slowly away.

THE THWARTED MOTHER-IN-LAW.

FROM RESSIE RANDOLPH'S JOURNAL.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Putney, May 1st, 185–.

Safe out of the great noisy city at last, and snugly housed "at home" in the quiet village where I was born! I am glad—and glad, also, that mamma did not take it into her head to remove me more nearer relations of the place, with a mantilla "scull" or "ville" tacked to its humble name. "Putney!" I like it. It sounds old-fashioned, and homely and quiet—and imagination conjures up at once, to fit the sound, a low brown little—at least Putney village, with one street and one tavern, and lots of great square farm-houses, with honey old-fashioned doors that open right into a "spare room," or kitchen, as the case may be. In such a one, I am at present located, with my respected mother, and my sister Augusta.

And here, for the benefit of all who may read these fragments of mine, let me explain a little. This is the old "Randolph place," where my father and his father and grandfather and his father before him were born and brought up. Father and I are both Randolphs—but my mother and my handsome sister were De Peyster's, and so remain. Or to speak more plainly still, Mrs. De Peyster became my stepmother, and her daughter my half-sister. Owing to reverses in business, my father, from a very rich man, has become what we call here, simply a poor one; and we have been obliged to retire to the old homestead, till the times mend a bit. My father still stays in the city, laboring, like a hero, to retrieve the fortune he has lost, and will only visit us now and then—but Mrs. Randolph De Peyster is a long way from New York.

Mamma and Augusta cherish this fact every day with sighs and groans, but I rejoice secretly thereat. I love this place, because it has been the home of "my family," and because the graves of my own mother, who died while I was a baby, are near by. There are many fellow-mortals here who and loved her, as girl and woman, and I love to talk with them of her. She was tall and slender and very beautiful, with blue eyes and fine Saxon hair. My locks are light, too, and I hope they will be here, but then the resemblance ends—unfortunately. My skin is dark, and suit on very clear—and my color the vexatious "strong gray" so often heard of and so rarely seen. My mouth is not pretty, though always laughing, but my teeth are white as snow. And then the Randolphs do have such noses! It doesn't matter for my father, because he is young, but I have shed more tears over mine than are needed to fill the sea. I don't believe I could hide any one but father, if I should try—it fits to beside his, for the very good reason that one is just as large and awkward as the other—but such a matter noses don't entirely make women!

My sister Augusta has many a laugh over my plain face—and well she may. She is beautiful—at least every one calls her so. Her figure is not so good as mine—being short and very dumpy. I think it is even a thing mamma could manage. I should be obliged to exercise with her at dawn Augusta's hair and eyes are of the deepest black—her color very high, and her skin a regular ivory white. And to this, that she understands the art of dress to perfection, with I an exercise of my outward person, so it is considerably dark and decayed—and one can have some idea of the unlikeness with which Mr. Randolph introduces her to his daughters—Miss De Peyster and Miss Randolph! Heigh ho! Well—I don't know that I can be helped!

Putney, May 12th, 185–.

Mamma and Augusta have chosen their apartments on the second floor of the house, and have lifted them with various efforts of upholstery. They have found a far different sanctuary—a little room in the top of the house—generally set off from a garret that I *know* is haunted—and neither plastered, papered, nor painted. There is a bed, and a "rocking-bed"—four old-fashioned "kitchen chairs"—my two trunks—a handsome bureau—a rough wooden book-case—and a small round table of claw-footed legs, which stands in the middle of the room, and does duty as a writing-table. On this table my various books and papers, and my portfolio and pens. At the windows are white curtains (round each of which I have wreathed a broad ruffle of a wash-basin), and all the implements of the toilet—around over the bureau—a grinning skull decorated with a velvet smoking cap, which it wears jauntily on one side. I like the room—and I love to sit here and write—perhaps rain pelters on the roof, and read—or write when the moths of dust are thickening the heavy air of sunshine that is level with the floor. I am "monarch of all I survey," when the old-fogy of a fish-man closes upon me, and enjoy myself accordingly. Mamma and Augusta came up to see me one day after I had got fairly settled there—but they only said one pitying glance at me and the bare little room, and lifting up their silk-dresses, hurried away, muttering something about "rats and ghosts." A seduction noise, made in a dark corner by my bird, helped the rats back and narrow stairs most expeditiously, and I have never been molested since. I fancy the rats are very little due on account of from a call in Bolivar.

May 18th, 185–.

Something has been going on in this house for a few days past that I have hardly understood. Chloe, the black servant, cooking all sorts of delicacies—my stately mother, with her sleeves rolled up, making the daintiest pastry imaginable—and last, not least, Miss De Peyster herself, with one of my long-sleeved aprons on, and a pair of kid gauntlets drawn over her jeweled hands, dusting and arranging the guest chamber over the hall.

Today, for the first time, they have deigned to let me be good news. My father—my own dear father—is coming on Saturday (will this day ever come?) and with him, a certain Mr. Fairfield, a member of Congress—young rich, and talented, and a "great catch." Augusta says.

Mr. Fairfield! When I lived in Putney, years ago, and wore sun-bonnets and pantalettes, and raced and ran, as I only wish I could do now, I used to know a Dick Fairfield. He was the boy of sunset and constant boy in the place. He used to draw me to school, and show me how to do my sums—and on Saturday afternoons, we used to go off, berrying together, and he told me the most delightful stories about a certain Martha Anderson who lived in the next town. Martha was some years older than either of us, a showy, handsome, merry girl, who only laughed at Dick's devotion, and looked for his bigger game. I could think to be Dick Fairfield who used to rave about her bright eyes, and declare that when he grew up rich and famous, he would marry her? Had he come to fulfil his promise now? I asked Augusta, but she only laughed so at the idea that I was forced to give it up.

May 22nd, 185–.

They came yesterday. I had received my dinner lectures on the score of my behavior before the expected guest, that I was nervous as a fly in a drum, before the carriage appeared on the top of the long hill that leads to our house. I had on my plain tissues, and clean, and undecorated—that would not have disgraced my sister Augusta. That happy lady was attired in lemon colored batiste, in which she looked her best. She wore a coral necklace and bracelets, and her long black curls fell over her bare shoulders in cork-screw like curls. She looked pretty, and knew it, and I resolved to laugh when I saw her look, first at herself, and then at me, and brave a sigh of ineffable satisfaction. With these views of my self, I sat below I locked in the eyes of any member of Congress, on my own front door-step, awaiting the arrival.

When the carriage stopped before the door, my heart was in my mouth. A tall, slender gentleman got out first, and I sat still, with folded hands, the picture of propriety, and received their salutations, a little bent, a little stouter, and with hair just turning to silver, but with the same laughing glance of mamma, and the sneering smile of Augusta. Augusta only said "Ah!" all we saw the shoot, and the next moment in my darling father's arms.

We had so much to say to each other, that we forgot the others for awhile. When we entered the house, Mr. Fairfield, who had been making the acquaintance of mamma's and Augusta's, had found his way to the parlor, and was seated with them. My father smiled as he led me forward.

"My daughter, Mr. Fairfield."

"My daughter!" Mamma looked as if she would faint, at hearing me call a member of Congress so, and give him both my hands into the bargain, and Augusta only looked on, and smiled good naturedly.

"Glad to see me! I believe you, Ressie—for your whole face shows it. And it is the warmest welcome I have had the many a year!" said the gentleman—and I knew by his voice that he was glad and not seen there, he would have kissed me! His eyes said as much.

"And so you have come after Martha?" I asked, roguishly.

"Martha who?"

"Martha Anderson, to be sure, Dick. Don't you remember how often you have told me that you were coming back to marry her?"

"Have you ever seen her?" he asked, laughing heartily.

"Yes—once. It was two years ago. She was very pretty then. I told her what you used to say about her."

"Oh, Ressie!"

The look of embarrassment and annoyance he put on, made me laugh heartily, and father laughed too.

"It is so, I am aware you," he said playfully. "I was with Ressie and heard it. But you may be proposed to throw yourself at her feet, according to the approved method, before the week is out. I fancy she will see you for breach of promise. My Ressie is the most vindictive of Richard," and he passed his hand fondly over my hair.

"Madcap, indeed, murmured mamma, aside, sore as she broke in upon our conference, with a gentle "Hem!"

"I beg your pardon for this interruption," she said, blandly, "but, Mr. Randolph, I think that it would be more hospitable to show Mr. Fairfield to his room——"

"You are right, Mrs. Randolph," said my father, and his face assumed its cold, business look again, "I will show Mr. Fairfield to his room myself."

The servant was summoned, and Mr. Fairfield bade us all adieu, for a time. I knew I was to dine alone, but that was all. Augusta was never in favor. So while Augusta had a fit of pouts in the parlor, and mamma overlaid the dinner-table with the dinner table, I ran off in the garden to water my flowers. I did not take my hat, for I meant to return in a moment, and like to feel the fresh air about my face. But my father came out, looking so worry and worn, that I forgot all about the hat, and roamed him into a game of romps, to cheer him up. The old-dog Tray ran from doors across the flower beds we fled, laughing and screaming like two children, till the terrified bell sent me to my post.

Mr. Fairfield was at the table, and I received my usual bigger to give place to him. Laughing and wet down to sit beside Augusta—heated, flushed—and a better look at her beauty than ever. In her delight at this circumstance, my step-mother became quite gracious. I knew Mr. Fairfield noticed it, too, for he looked toward her kindly, and quite neglected me. I was cross, and unhappy, and out of sorts, and I showed it. I sat and stood before my gaudy looking glass, and gave my "Randolph nose" a few spiteful pulls, I felt better, and stumbling my hat, I stole away for a long walk, and soon forgot all my troubles in the quiet pine woods behind the house.

May 24th, 185–.

Last night, we had a party. I flatter myself I behaved beautifully. At least, I know my mamma and Augusta did not have occasion to say a single sharp thing. I wore a rose-colored silk, and Augusta white satin, while mamma looked "grand, gloomy and peculiar," in a moire antique of a color her. I believe, if she had her own way, she would always dress out in the dingiest colors she could find, and make me stand beside Augusta in her gain dresses; but my father likes to see us in light fresh colors, and I am glad for his sake—not for hers.

Our party was made in honor of Mr. Fairfield. I call him "Dick" no longer. Where once Augusta has made an impression, she follows it up till all is over. That she's made one on him, I can plainly see—my mamma and she have both been playing their parts at the beautiful home the will have, when she becomes his bride.

Knowing this, and seeing the beloved devotion to her, I have kept myself entirely out of the way. With the exception of that one girl meeting, we have scarcely exchanged twenty words since he came here. I hoped to see him alone, yet was not. Before I can ask him what he means, however, he will be gone—and Augusta will have had him all to herself. Then the carriage appeared on the top of the long hill that leads to our house. I had on my plain tissues, and clean, and undecorated—that would not have disgraced my sister Augusta. That happy lady was attired in lemon colored batiste, in which she looked her best. She wore a coral necklace and bracelets, and her long black curls fell over her bare shoulders in cork-screw like curls. She looked pretty, and knew it, and I resolved to laugh when I saw her look, first at herself, and then at me, and brave a sigh of ineffable satisfaction. With these views of my self, I sat below I locked in the eyes of any member of Congress, on my own front door-step, awaiting the arrival.

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"Ressie," he said, "you are a child. Where is Randolph," he said, as he joined me, "and he will not be back till the last of the week, when I shall return with him."

His voice and manner were kind but reserved, and I felt that he did not call me "Ressie!" So I only answered coldly—

"Mr. Randolph is with Mr. Fairfield. I am sorry your news is so unwelcome, I cannot thank you for it."

Just then, Miss Martha Anderson came toward us, leaning on her brother Frank's arm. Frank, a handsome, dashing student, of twenty-two, bowed coolly, and one of my especial friends. I looked home, Mr. Fairfield, to see how he received the new comer, and found him watching me as narrowly. Frank, after a few compliments, left Martha with him, and strolled off into the other room, he did not look up, but devoted himself entirely to Miss Anderson. She was always kind of a male flirt than anything on earth. But as I swept away from the propriety and dignity of the room, I said to myself—Can it be possible that he is one, in spite of his fatigued and good sense? It was a bold question, and not the more easily answered because I was nine, within the half hour, busily and with a deep sense of the subject, engaged in the leaves over for her attentively.

I looked up. Mamma and Augusta were smiling graciously at the guest's remark, but his dark, handsome face was turned toward me, and his large, brown eyes, were a look, half mischievous, and half sad, that I remembered only too well.

"Well—and so you have had a bad wife, Jack," he said, playfully—"do you forget your old friends now? Fie—for shame, Jack!"

"Dick! Dick! Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

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In addition to the above unequalled corps of contributors, comprising all of whom write only for the Ledger, we are honored with occasional communications from other popular writers, as well as seen by reference to our columns from week to week. We have no room for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and large paper, but we can fill it with the weekly papers in the country, and, as a figurative proof, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of all six others.

BIG OR LITTLE—THE DIFFERENCE.

It is not so infrequent as angel visits, that we have in our midst some great authority (such, or failure in commercial, mental, or other of the more extensive business circles. Some one who has made right switches, or deductions, and are of course thus brought, with more or less prominence, before the criminal parties are more or less "reportedly exasperated." In the meantime, there come a fair percentage of lesser fraud, failure, or shoot that more relation to the greater that a monkey's imitative grimaces do to the flamboyant, or coin to wealth, of his human compeer. In the case of the greater, whether it be of fraud or failure, the public generally, if it be the latter—how different the general judgment compared with that passed on the lesser. In the greater fail for hundreds of thousands, or for millions, creditors and the public are sympathetic, and the former are ready to affidavit every facility in being the fuller through his "embarrassment."

But few pause to inquire into what principle a business has been conducted—whether speculatively or reckonably—to involve so disastrous an issue. Yet, it is almost safe to say, that in any case where the failure reaches to hundreds of thousands, something has been wrong besides a probable misfortune, or mere gamble. No business, not conducted more or less on chances, and hazards, could involve such a failure. So sure, when the matter is probed to the bottom, speculation or a drive to monopolize trade, involving probable overdraft on other side, is the secret of most of the great failures. The business was started—anywhere—and the head of it, not tempting to run over and break down all competition, jammed in, grew on some roof or landmark, and went to wreck.

Now, how is a man of small capital treated when he speculates in the stock market? He is branded as business suspicionate, and sinks all he is worth, and a few hundreds or thousands of other people's money! Why, he is set down as a knave or a fool. His personal loss is looked on as just enough for him, and for the balance he is pursued like a thief.

But it is not so with men or firms of large means —who abuse their credit by involving others to the tune of millions—by anything but speculative operations. These latter are deeply sympathized with. It is considered really too bad to let misfortune or recklessness of conscience such eminence and respectability. True, their failure may prove as an offset to thousands of meagre commercial breakups, —thereby seeking to sub the whole products of the land—that they expected to make out of others they did; but big prizes do not always walk on greedy speculators, or they would be plentiful as Barings have sometimes learned. To the dick and the dogs with such rascals. The real fact is, that he who is the rich man of to-day drags down the greatest number of confiding creditors, is entitled to the most watered sympathy.

According to careful observation of the rise and fall of business men in this city, the proportion of failures, as they chance to be big or little, is this: He who fails for a little, fails to the extent he may be supposed to be a knave or suicide, with none to pity him, console him or lend him a helping hand. He who fails for a little more for a large amount, fails to rise again; is called a sinner, cast, intelligent gossip becomes a little bitter against him, because it is safe and popular to extend fresh credit; and who is he? Nobody knows, nor cares, and he is forgotten as soon as he is down. He who fails for a million, is a man of mark, and has a respectable circle of friends; and when he fails for ten millions, creditors and the public are sympathetic, comely talk of whom were only for the Lenox,) we are favored with occasional communications from other popular writers, as well as seen by reference to our columns from week to week. We have no room for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and large paper, but we can fill it with the weekly papers in the country, and, as a figurative proof, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of all six others.

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But few pause to inquire into what principle a business has been conducted—whether speculatively or reckonably—to involve so disastrous an issue. Yet, it is almost safe to say, that in any case where the failure reaches to hundreds of thousands, something has been wrong besides a probable misfortune, or mere gamble. No business, not conducted more or less on chances, and hazards, could involve such a failure. So sure, when the matter is probed to the bottom, speculation or a drive to monopolize trade, involving probable overdraft on other side, is the secret of most of the great failures. The business was started—anywhere—and the head of it, not tempting to run over and break down all competition, jammed in, grew on some roof or landmark, and went to wreck.

Now, how is a man of small capital treated when he speculates in the stock market? He is branded as business suspicionate, and sinks all he is worth, and a few hundreds or thousands of other people's money! Why, he is set down as a knave or a fool. His personal loss is looked on as just enough for him, and for the balance he is pursued like a thief.

But it is not so with men or firms of large means —who abuse their credit by involving others to the tune of millions—by anything but speculative operations. These latter are deeply sympathized with. It is considered really too bad to let misfortune or recklessness of conscience such eminence and respectability. True, their failure may prove as an offset to thousands of meagre commercial breakups, —thereby seeking to sub the whole products of the land—that they expected to make out of others they did; but big prizes do not always walk on greedy speculators, or they would be plentiful as Barings have sometimes learned. To the dick and the dogs with such rascals. The real fact is, that he who is the rich man of to-day drags down the greatest number of confiding creditors, is entitled to the most watered sympathy.

According to careful observation of the rise and fall of business men in this city, the proportion of failures, as they chance to be big or little, is this: He who fails for a little, fails to the extent he may be supposed to be a knave or suicide, with none to pity him, console him or lend him a helping hand. He who fails for a little more for a large amount, fails to rise again; is called a sinner, cast, intelligent gossip becomes a little bitter against him, because it is safe and popular to extend fresh credit; and who is he? Nobody knows, nor cares, and he is forgotten as soon as he is down. He who fails for a million, is a man of mark, and has a respectable circle of friends; and when he fails for ten millions, creditors and the public are sympathetic, comely talk of whom were only for the Lenox,) we are favored with occasional communications from other popular writers, as well as seen by reference to our columns from week to week. We have no room for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and large paper, but we can fill it with the weekly papers in the country, and, as a figurative proof, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of all six others.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Reader—Did you ever travel with an uncongenial companion? You open your eyes—perhaps you think that any person with whom you could be locked into a car, and shut out from the world, dialogue and take the canary's battery? "I'll try, sir!" and try he did, the hereafter charging the fare of forty dollars, still the cesspit of fetish fell, and her discomfited battalions fled, terrified, from the field of carnage.

With him to whom tongue "I'll try" leaps intensitively, at every dangerous peril, the battle is already more than half won. Fortune smiles on such, for they compel her. "I'll try"—that added to has repressed the conquerors of hemispheres, and the founders of nations. That motto has won the victory on the tented field, gathered roses in the desert, plucked down laurel and bays from the clove grove of the Isles, and will, and has, smiled over by heroism, civilization and freedom, made monarchs cringe, and adventurer circling the world, like the obedient satellite of the sovereign of day.

There are just two classes of mankind—the "I can't" and the "I'll try." The one, lead, rule, possess; the other follow, obey, and possess not. The one are the idle, shiftless; the other, the active, vigilant. The one have their fields choked with weeds, and never dig the alder-bush for the fruit and grain. The one wish, the other win. The one expect fortune, the other deserve and have it. The "can't" are abundant. Every-day life is one of them; she can't do what her mother has done, for nature has not endowed her with it. Your young, fair Master is one of them; he can't learn his father's business, for he has not the talent and prudence, and the virtues generally. The man of vice can't reform, because he won't, and the chain of habit is too strong for him to say he can't.

Then there is your rich-and-spun female traveler's chum becoming down on her with the "I can't" objurgation, when her companion is intelligent and liberal, particularly if it be the latter—how different the general judgment compared with that passed on the lesser. In the greater fail for hundreds of thousands, or for millions, creditors and the public are sympathetic, and the former are ready to affidavit every facility in being the fuller through his "embarrassment."

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GIVE YOUR WIFE A HOLIDAY.

To married men with families, (there can be no bachelors with children,) give your wife a good long playspell, this hot weather, even though you have to hire help and make your own tea, as I have to do it. No man can imagine the wearing, wearying misery of housekeeping in a close city house, with the thermometer from 80° to 100° in the shade. A mother's work is never done; her duties are unceasing. There is a family of children; there are always some who are teething, or have the measles, whooping-cough, mumps, or little or other ills, whereby their sleep is broken, their tempers irritated, and their nerves unstrung by day and night. If any man would have an idea of his wife's toils and cares, let him wait for her for a day, while he is home acting as nurse and care of the children. We will venture a year's subscription to the Ledger, that, if he survives the ordeal, he would forever after cherish more sympathetic views of woman's cares and toils.

Wives and mothers, you mean such do work and take care of their families, being dear to married and worn, sometimes sick and should be rendered accessible to them, especially at this season of the year. Hurry a man smoke and drink up, or otherwise boastfully consumes, enough money every week to give his wife and children a little trip to some pleasant and healthful place of resort. Think of this, O ye husbands and fathers! and, suffer, value your comfort and a happy old age, lower your means liberally in the health and gratitude of your wives and children.

A FREE ART GALLERY.

The establishment of a public free Art Gallery in our city, on a basis corresponding with the wealth and intelligence of our population, would result in manifold benefits. It would afford to all classes of our citizens a permanent source of innocent and rational amusement and instruction, and would be the sure means of withdrawing thousands from public and depraving, to healthy and refining enjoyment. Every seed is gifted with a love for the beautiful in Nature and Art. Debarred as we are in a great measure from the contemplation of nature, we would so much more in the city to have recourse to Art, in order that we may not be withdrawn from the love of beauty, calculated to be a sweetness of admiration and delight. A free Art Gallery, liberally furnished with the fine productions of the statuary, painter and engr ver, would to some extent answer a common wan , and prove a constant blessing. There can be no doubt of the elevating influence of works of high Art upon the mind. Gentleness is naturally associated with beauty, and vice with deformity. In no way can this be better exemplified than by the master artist. There is no virtue which may not also be made to appear more excellent; no vice which cannot be rendered more repulsive. Perhaps a chilled gaol deviates from such institutions as the one we have suggested, is their service to the cause of humanity. The free Galleries of Europe have withheld multitudes from vicious and criminal associations. The fact is generally understood abroad. Beyond this, such an institution, by educating public taste, would create an ever-increasing demand for works of superior merit, and thus encourage artists to the highest and noblest efforts. Besides, the material and excellence would be educated by degrees, until we should boast artists equal to the best. In addition to the above, there would be found a ready supply much, which in other countries is afforded by the wealthy. And the State is never so rich that when it spends its means and energies to educate, refine and delight its people. It is the cheapest that might be expended from extra and wealthy patrons of Art. Even a small beginning a great end would soon appear, and the good thought would be soon seen in public morality and taste. We have no room for gratitude and fame; who will by an ample gift lay the corner-stone of a public free Art Gallery in our city?

HOME.

Rings there a dearer, more magical word, from the lips of human speech? Is there one offener in human thoughts and on human tongues? Is there one with so rich an art of it, viewed word, at some period of life the proudest property and most cherished care. All that we have learned of the dearest spot for memory to point at, and that spot is Home. On the land or on the sea, the dearest thought that leaves the heart is Home. Humble or high, palace or cot, it matters not—it is Home. The Indian exclaims, and Arabadam in the midst of the Desert, and the Gaucho of the Pampas, idolize it as home. The farthest pillars of travel reach, and through all times and tales, all who are born of women ever turn their eyes and their memories to

Native home and cold mortality."

and renew themselves in every sun, and every joy-ous hour that they are in the Alps, or Andes, or Pyrenees, gazing on earth, and sailing—Oh, no, nevermailing, God great, in that "house not made with hands" for the heart of humanity. Home, home! land, longing heart-cry of millions. Be the bright spirit of happiness, love, and duty, round about thee. Profane, O man or woman, whatever other stories thou wilt, but spare Home. Home is the sweetest, warmest, holiest word in the heart of our mortal refuge. Over the wide earth, may God bless and keep Home! Over the earth falls, in many a land, His own infinite heart takes us to our everlasting home.

OUR VIEWS ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

The newspaper discussion has not arisen in this country upon the defeat of Mr. Thackeray, that has arisen in England upon the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield. For years past we have noted spasmodic diatribes upon the subject, vehemently declaring that the "great authority" lived in a degraded age, and that he was little else than a "back number" of his time.

Now, we say, we think the litterus did not very sensibly thing when they declared that Thackeray, who, although a keen critic and severe satirist, was a gentleman, and a man of refinement, or even ordinary, capacity for statesmanship, or the practical management of complicated affairs.

The mere fact of a man's being competent to write a novel, romance, or novel, of ordinary or extraordinary merit, furnishes no basis for confidence that he is a fitting person to be much longer on seventy tiers by the nation's teeth before he could be expected to be of any use to it.

A CHILD in Montgomery county, Texas, was born on the 4th of July, and was named for it as it was born, the occasion of the poor little sufferer became extremely nervous, and was in a constant state of excitement. A quick-acting examination of the chain revealed the fact, that one of the links of the latter had been broken, and was consequently loose, and was constantly striking the child.

A boy aged fourteen years, named Joshua Lee, was drowned recently in Cayuga Lake, near which was the door of his father's house, which it attended in a remote manner, was evidently attended by much impatience on seventy tiers by the animal

SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come out to the side of the sea, my love,
Come out to the side of the sea,
The robins are singing, soul to soul,
And the weeds and the waves agree.
For song of robin, nor song of weed,
Brings pleasure or pain to mine—
O come, for I am sad, and soon,
On the rocks by the side of the sea I

I am going down to my cemetery
To the tenant long ago,
When the golden ground of the buttercups
Was flecked with the coloring snow,
And I'm thinking of all you said to me,
And it's worn true or no,
While I smell the side as it rises away
From the weeds on bluish and low.

If I should die, my love, my sweet,
Be of your heart the cheer,
Bury me here by the side of the sea,
Where all my joy was born,
Where the waves shall make my lullaby,
And the winds from each all sound,
Shall stay to the rocks, "She is gone to sleep
Where all her joy was born."

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Hidden Hand," "Retribution," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XL

MEETING WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

"It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me!"—SHAKSPEARE.

The lofty bay scene quarter of a mile off the shore. Small boats sailing about, some plying herself and her mistress alongside the vessel.

Barbara Brande's dock, as usual, presented an animating scene of orderly industry. Eilsey, as usual, had charge of the forecastle. Several men were aloft, at work upon the rigging. Others were at the hatches, getting freight into the hold. Barbara stood upon the quarter-deck, directing some men, who were lowering the long-boat to go on shore. Upon observing a lady coming over the gang-way, she quickly walked forward to welcome the visitor. Barbara was the same handsome woman still: the same erect and rounded form, the same stately head, firm features, great, strong, flashing black eyes and brilliant complexion, shaded by crisp, rigged bands of glittering, jet-black hair!

"Mrs. Dale! By all that is best, Mrs. Dale! Welcome! welcome! welcome! I am so overjoyed to see you!" she exclaimed, extending both hands to her visitor.

"Am I so little changed, Miss Brande, as to be recognized at once?" inquired the lady, with a slight smile, as she clasped the offered hands of the girl.

"Changed!" repeated Barbara, looking affectionately into her face. "Yes, my lady, you are changed, somewhat—a little more and thinner, which makes your eyes look still larger and darker by the contrast; but it is well, I know you, of course, at a glance. *Ah, Susan*, is that you? You are not changed the least in life. How are you? But come into the cabin, where we can talk; for oh! my lady, I think that we must have a good deal to say to each other," exclaimed Barbara, addressing sometimes one and sometimes the other of her visitors, as she led the way into the cabin.

"First of all, Miss Brande, I wish to inquire by myself and maid can have been?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Of course!" replied Barbara, promptly, as she motioned her visitors to their seats upon the sofa, at the same time placing herself in a chair.

"Then—then they are safe?"

"You are going to Baltimore or Washington?"

"No matter. We are going back to the Island, unless you can engage to put me on shore upon East Island."

"East Island!"

"Yes; why are you astonished, Miss Brande?"

"Because no one lives on East Island. It is, in fact, inaccessible at all points save one. Besides, the old man who owns it is so jealous as a Chinaman of the approach of a stranger."

"But the old man has been dead nearly a twelve-month."

"The old man dead!—and I never knew it!—though, in fact, everybody on the island might die, and the rest of the world would know nothing about it! And so he is gone! Well, 'tis said that

"The angels weep, when a babe is born,
And sing, when an old man dies."

But what has become of the pretty heiress, Elsie Vaughan? Barbara, at least wondered how it was that Mrs. Estell should know anything of the kids and its inhabitants.

"The pretty girl remains there under the charge of her guardian, Mr. Julius Lamnore?"

Barbara's head like the name pronounced without an exclamation, a start, or a change of color, betrayed that the news was the shock she had received—so perfect was the nervous system, and so admirable was the self-command of noble girl.

There was scarcely a perceptible change in her voice, as she answered:

"Mr. Julius Lamnore? You said that the young lady's guardian was Mr. Julius Lamnore?"

"Yes, Miss Brande."

"May you not be mistaken in the name, Madam?"

"Impossible, Miss Brande. But why do you ask?"

"Why, I know Monsieur Henri De L'Ile for many years, and never heard him mention such a person among his intimate acquaintance. Though it is true that Monsieur Henri, who never encouraged visitors to approach the Island, many years ago even discontinued his visits to the mainland; or else, changed his trade from one shore to the opposite one, so that, for the last five years, I have lost sight of Monsieur De L'Ile."

And it was precisely for that length of time, only, that he had been acquainted with Mr. Lamnore.

"Then it is not strange that I should never have heard of that friendship," said Barbara, too quickly to believe what must at the moment be the new coincidence.

"But, Miss Brande, I have made a discovery, which I wish to impart to you. But first, will you permit me to close the cabin?"

Barbara arose and secured the door, and returning, said—

"Now I am at your service, dear lady. Go on; I listen."

"Miss Brande, this man, this Julius Lamnore, has for five years past, fixed his avaricious eyes upon the fortune of his ward, and to secure that, has determined to take advantage of her innocence and inexperience, and, child as she is to marry her. But, if it should not be too late, I have power, through the discovery that I have made, to prevent this sacrifice."

"You, my lady?" replied Barbara, who neither by look, tone, or gesture, revealed how deeply the iron had entered her soul.

"Yes, I, Miss Brande." And hence my interested voyage to the Island. But I must tell you the circumstance discovery that I have made. You may remember that, in relating my story, I informed you that after the birth of my little girl, I just saw her face fade away from my fainting eyes; and that after recovering from the alternate stupor and delirium of many weeks, upon inquiring for my child, I was told that she was dead and buried."

"I remember, lady."

"*I was deceived.* My child was not dead. She had been secreted by her grandmother, Madame L'Orient, who, after the transportation of Monsieur Victoire, to make herself acceptable to the children Monsieur Henri, conveyed the infant to the Island.

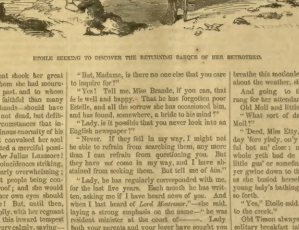
"Oh, madame, what a discovery! To what Providential circumstances were you indebted for it?" inquired Barbara, who, through all her own

EVOKE SEEKING TO DISCOVER THE RETURNING BARQUE OF HER BETROTHED.

sorrow, sympathized with this deeply-engaged mother.

"To a Providential meeting and conversation with her nurse, Madeleine, whom the jealousy and caution of Mr. Lamnore had banished from the Island," replied the lady, who thereupon commenced and gave a full and detailed account of the manner in which she had become acquainted with Madeleine, and the revelation which had been made her by the latter, concerning the infancy of Estelle, the death of Monsieur Henri, the guardianship of Mr. Lamnore, and the appointed marriage between the guardian and his ward.

And Barbara listened—no outward emotions re-



vealing the inward storm that shook her great soul. That her betrothed husband, the man married on dead, these five years past, and to whose memory she had been more faithful than many widows to that of their husbands—should have been, for this length of time, not dead, but deliberately false—false under circumstances that increased a thousand fold the heinous enormity of his treachery—was a thought that convulsed her soul with anguish. But there existed a merciful possibility that this might not be so. Julius Lamnore! True the name was rare, the coincidence striking, the circumstantial evidence nearly overwhelming; but she had heard of innocent people being convicted upon much stronger proof; and she would suspend her judgment until her own eyes should convince her of his turpitude! But, until then, what was to her bosom? Happily, with her regard self-control, she let no sign of this inward tempest escape. She answered Estelle very calmly, saying—

"You lady, you are right. If not too late, this unnatural marriage must be stopped. And if not now for me, but for the sake of your mother, your dy's delay, we must lose no time. It was my intention to sail to-morrow morning for the Chesapeake. But if you wish, and if you will be ready, I will get up anchor and make sail for the Island at sunrise this evening."

"Oh! how generous you are! how heart and soul you enter into my interests, Miss Brande—dearest Barbara!"

"Ay! call me by my Christian name. I like that best," was all the answer the quiet, but half bronze-hearted girl made.

Estelle and her maid then arose and took leave of Miss Brande, promising to be on board at an hour before the time of sailing in the morning.

For some moments after her friends had left the vessel, Barbara Brande remained standing, like one transfixed by sorrow and dismay. Then, suddenly starting, she exclaimed—

"But this is no time to think of my own trouble. I must bring them together!"

And she hastened down into her cabin, where she took a seat at her little table, drew writing materials before her, and indited the following brief letter:

"BARK QUEEN QUEEN,
"New York, —— day, ——, 18—.

"MY LORD—We sail for New York this evening. Be at your home at once, for when you have long searched, you must at last find what you seek. I will write you. B. B.

She sealed this letter and superscribed it—

"The Right Honorable, the Earl of Eagle Tower, Washington, D. C."

Then, calling Eilsey, she bade him take the letter, and hasten with it ashore, to secure the mail for it.

Meanwhile the staff, still waiting alongside, conveyed Estelle and her maid to the wharf where they entered the cab and returned home to make early preparations for their voyage. The next morning a few articles of wearing apparel, closed up the house, called to take a hasty leave of Barbara, came down to the wharf, and by seven o'clock found themselves in the stern gallery of the Ocean Queen.

At eight o'clock, the full moon arose, a light breeze from the west sprang up, and under these favorable auspices the brig made sail.

"If this weather continues we shall reach the Island in five days," said Barbara.

"Heaven grant that it may so," replied Estelle.

"Darkly, as under the most favorable circumstances, it seems, I still have a deep prophetic feeling that I shall yet be able to save my child!"

"Heaven grant that it may be so, dearest!"

"Amen," responded Estelle.

And then, as the friends sat in the stern gallery, watching the receding shores, or the moonlit sea, their thoughts reverted to by-gone days.

Estelle said—

"I do not see Wilfrid! What have you done with my favorite?"

"Wilfrid has been middleman in the navy for three years, poor lad; but he is to be made Captain upon his return from the Mediterranean."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Estelle, and then after a short pause, she said—

"I am thinking of Joseph in Egypt when he lifted up his voice, and said—'I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live?' Oh, Barbara, you know that I would ask! Do my parents yet live?"

"Lady, when I last heard of Sir Parke and Lady Morelle, some few months since, they were enjoying their usual health, and living in their customary state, at Hyde Hall."

"Thank Heaven!"

But, Madame, is there no one else that you care to inquire for?"

"Yes! Tell me, Miss Brande, if you can, that he is well and happy. That he has forgotten poor Estelle, and all the sorrow she has occasioned him, and has found, somewhere, a bride to his mind?"

"Lady, is it possible that you never look into an English newspaper?"

"Never. If they tell in my way, I might not be able to refrain from searching them, my more than I can refrain from gazing upon Heaven. But they have no come in my way, and I have abstained from seeking them. But tell me of Ann."

"Lady, he has regularly corresponded with me, for the last five years. Each month he has written, asking me if I have heard news of you. And when I last heard of *Lord Rivermere*"—she said, with a strong emphasis on the name—"he was in residence minister at the court of———. Lady, both your parents and your lover have sought you over the earth, for the last five years. Immediately after the decision of the Arches' Court, which you did not leave sooner."

"Yes! I saw it by chance in the Court Journal," said Estelle, turning and hovering over the Deadhand, where they arrived just a month after you had left, a full account of the case in the paper pertinent. It was deplorable! Since that they have used every means to discover your retreat. But, Barbara, I am weary."

"Miss Brande, I shall trust in you to keep my secret?"

"Dear lady, I really will not entre into my heart to betray it. Your secret is safe with the Providence for your future. I think if you knew how sure a thing is constancy, in this world of change, you would not have thought it worth the while to run away from it."

"Good night, Miss Brande."

"Good night, dear lady," said, but turned the conversation into another channel.

They remained talking until ten o'clock, when Barbara took the vessel by like a big lantern and hung over the bulwarks, conducted them to the cabin. Estelle and her maid then arose and took leave of Miss Brande, promising to be on board at an hour before the time of sailing in the morning.

For some moments after her friends had left the vessel, Barbara Brande remained standing, like one transfixed by sorrow and dismay. Then, suddenly starting, she exclaimed—

"But this is no time to think of my own trouble. I must bring them together!"

And she hastened down into her cabin, where she took a seat at her little table, drew writing materials before her, and indited the following brief letter:

"BARK QUEEN QUEEN,
"New York, —— day, ——, 18—.

"MY LORD—We sail for New York this evening. Be at your home at once, for when you have long searched, you must at last find what you seek. I will write you. B. B.

She sealed this letter and superscribed it—

"The Right Honorable, the Earl of Eagle Tower, Washington, D. C."

Then, calling Eilsey, she bade him take the letter, and hasten with it ashore, to secure the mail for it.

Meanwhile the staff, still waiting alongside, conveyed Estelle and her maid to the wharf where they entered the cab and returned home to make early preparations for their voyage. The next morning a few articles of wearing apparel, closed up the house, called to take a hasty leave of Barbara, came down to the wharf, and by seven o'clock found themselves in the stern gallery of the Ocean Queen.

At eight o'clock, the full moon arose, a light breeze from the west sprang up, and under these favorable auspices the brig made sail.

"If this weather continues we shall reach the Island in five days," said Barbara.

"Heaven grant that it may so," replied Estelle.

"Darkly, as under the most favorable circumstances, it seems, I still have a deep prophetic feeling that I shall yet be able to save my child!"

"Heaven grant that it may be so, dearest!"

"Amen," responded Estelle.

And then, as the friends sat in the stern gallery, watching the receding shores, or the moonlit sea, their thoughts reverted to by-gone days.

Estelle said—

"I do not see Wilfrid! What have you done with my favorite?"

"Wilfrid has been middleman in the navy for three years, poor lad; but he is to be made Captain upon his return from the Mediterranean."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Estelle, and then after a short pause, she said—

"I am thinking of Joseph in Egypt when he lifted up his voice, and said—'I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live?' Oh, Barbara, you know that I would ask! Do my parents yet live?"

"Lady, when I last heard of Sir Parke and Lady Morelle, some few months since, they were enjoying their usual health, and living in their customary state, at Hyde Hall."

"Thank Heaven!"

But, Madame, is there no one else that you care to inquire for?"

"Yes! Tell me, Miss Brande, if you can, that he is well and happy. That he has forgotten poor Estelle, and all the sorrow she has occasioned him, and has found, somewhere, a bride to his mind?"

"Lady, is it possible that you never look into an English newspaper?"

"Never. If they fell in my way, I might not be able to refrain from searching them, my more than I can refrain from gazing upon Heaven. But they have no come in my way, and I have abstained from seeking them. But tell me of Ann."

"Lady, he has regularly corresponded with me, for the last five years. Each month he has written, asking me if I have heard news of you. And when I last heard of *Lord Rivermere*"—she said, with a strong emphasis on the name—"he was in residence minister at the court of———. Lady, both your parents and your lover have sought you over the earth, for the last five years. Immediately after the decision of the Arches' Court, which you did not leave sooner."

"Yes! I saw it by chance in the Court Journal," said Estelle, turning and hovering over the Deadhand, where they arrived just a month after you had left, a full account of the case in the paper pertinent. It was deplorable! Since that they have used every means to discover your retreat. But, Barbara, I am weary."

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"Thank Heaven!"

While watching her still white milk, she observed the ragged end of an inky cloud just above the horizon. At the same instant, a distant, deep, and hollow moan sounded over the sea, and like a prophetic sigh from nature the first breath of the coming storm touched her brow.

"Thank Heaven, the wind is rising," she said.

And lowering her telescope she went below.

"Timon, the wind is getting up: the packet will be in!" she said, cordially to the old man whom she found at the gangway.

"Yes, honey; but dis wind come up de day dead ag'in say any down yonder."

"Why, so it is! I never thought of that," said Eilsie, with a look of disappointment.

"But don't you git 'scouraged, honey! Now de wind up, it may die!, an' say wid' short ob anyone is better nor a dead calm."

Restlessly, impatiently, the girl walked about, looking first from one window and then from another. At last she said—

"Bring along the telescope, and go down to the beach with me, Timon. I want to watch."

And taking down her straw hat, she tied it on, and led the way to the entrance south point of the Island, called the Shells.

This was the most desolate—or rather the only desolate portion of her insular domain. In low water, it exhibited several acres of rugged shoal, consisting of reefs beyond reefs of sand, shells, ancore, and all the multifarious deposits of the waves. Here, after old tide, in the deep pools left in the hollows between the reefs, shell-fish were caught in abundance by the Island negroes. Now, the water was very low, and Eilsie could easily step across the little pools in which she observed the crabs and mussulses struggling to escape.

"Give me the glass. There! stand and let me rest it upon your shoulder, good Timon, and I will see what I can see. That schooner is nearer. Her sails are flying with the breeze. She is leaving up," said Eilsie, after she had taken sight. Then lowering the glass, and returning it to the keeping of Timon, she scanned the sky with her naked eye. Detached and ragged fragments of an inky cloud, sailed like an ill-omened fleet before the wind up the horizon.

"There will be a gust! I hope it will not be a serious one. What think you, father Timon?"

"Dead, honey, you may 'pose for anything, when you see de debil's black rag-bag shook out in, the sky dat way!" said Timon, anxiously.

The wind blew lighter,—the fleet of clouds sailed up faster—the sea took on a darker shadow.

"Miss Eilsie, you better see we done better go into de house," said the old negro, uneasily.

"Perhaps we had," said Eilsie, turning. "But, father Timon, what is the matter with the birds?" she inquired, calling his attention to the great flocks of water-fowl screaming, that darted suddenly to and fro between the darkened heavens and the troubled sea, as they sought in vain to find for the covert of some thicket on the island. "What does all the birds, father Timon?"

"*They* knows,—de dumb creatures do?" replied the old man, mysteriously.

"What do they know, father Timon?"

"Ah! chile, you's young—you is! You seber see such a tempus! But de birds, dey know gwine to have to-night!"

"Oh, I hope not! Dear Heaven, I hope not!" exclaimed Eilsie fervently, and the next moment she took heart of grace, and comforted herself with the thought that Timon was a weak old man, at best, a croaker.

The gale was now blowing so hard, that it was with difficulty she could keep her footing, and avoid being thrown forward upon her face.

As they neared the house, she saw old Mell and Peggy busily closing blinds and letting down windows.

Turning her eye over the grounds, she noticed the old man and woman had secured their cattle into their places of shelter, while crowds of women and children were running towards the negro village, as a place of greater safety from the impending storm.

Flocks of sea-fowl were seen settling on the Isle. Man and beast, alike, seemed impressed with the approaching tempest. Only the human mind would be one of unprecedented violence.

Old Mell opened the front door to admit her young mistress.

"Come in, chile! Leave a nassy 'pon top o' me! Come in out de rain! It's enough to blow you 'way 'fo' she said, taking the hand of the young girl and leading her into the house. Then, after seeing the crowd of women and children, increased now by the arrival of the old men from putting the cattle up, she angrily exclaimed:

"What all you dem black niggers come to de 'scendings to here for? Do 'tend you is free? You think how if de debbil want you to-night, Miss Eilsie will save you? Go 'long back to you cabins!"

"Oh, let them come in, poor souls! if they think they will feel safer in the house! We will all try to gether in the large, front room, until the storm is past," said the gentle-hearted girl. And, as her sweet voice fell upon the ears of the women not with her, and found shelter in that spacious apartment opposite Estelle's parlor, which had once been Monsieur Henri's hall of state.

The women withdrew to the walls of the room.

"Find seats—find seats—you must not, after your long day's labor, remain standing," said their young mistress, kindly.

The old people sat down in chairs, at an humble distance from the fire, and the women and children upon their laps. The others seated themselves upon the carpet.

Eilsie drew a chair to the center-table and reclined.

They were scarcely thus arranged, when a wierd flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous roll of thunder, rendered every one pale.

"Master, mercy on us!" cried old Moll, crossing herself. "Oh! Miss Elsil, honey, let me 'light a candle!"

"You must trust in the Lord, mother Moll."

"Yes, honey; I does; but I'll feel more right in my mind, if there was a blessé candle light."

"Well, Miss Eilsie's mother, honey, let de brass candle be lit," pleaded the other servants.

There was no wisdom in arguing with terrified people in such a case.

"Light the candles, if you like," said the little lady.

Moll jumped to avail herself of the permission. She went to the fire-place, where, occupying the hearth, she struck a light, and lighted a stump of a mold, with a wax candle in each hand. Moll took one of these down a branch candlestick, and proceeded about to replace it in the hand of the image, when—

There fell—hurled down from heaven—a tremendous thunderbolt, striking and shattering the chimney, throwing Moll upon her face, extinguishing the candle, and stunning, into momentary insensibility, every person in the apartment!

Total darkness and silence followed the shock.

Eilsie, who, in the swift instant of receiving the electric charge had lowered her person of speech to Moll, was the first to recover her senses and presence of mind. More slowly returned her powers of speech

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and wolves. But all was total darkness and stillness around her. She listened.

Not a sound—not a breath—not a sound—save the falling of the rain, was heard.

"My Father! are they all killed!" she exclaim ed. "Who is alive? Is there no one that can answer me?" She inquired and waited for the least

None spoke.

She rose, still quivering from the shock, and grasped her way over prostrate forms to the musketpiece, when she felt for the matches, and lighted the remains of the fire. The dismal scene of death showed her the forms of the prostrate negroes, slowly recovering, and uttering wild prayers and exclamations of dismay, picking themselves up.

No one was hurt.

Ebalie stooped and took up the extinguished candle, lighted it and placed it, with the other, in the handle of the lamp. The shaken fragments carefully made the large room look more cheerful, and received the spirits of the appalled negroes.

"But see you," said their young mistress, "you must start to God-a-mi. For observe, even though I am freed from the house! Now, will you return thanks to the Lord who has stayed the waves?" she exclaimed, with her pleased but pensive air.

"Oh! we do, we do, Miss Ebelli, but first to the thunder still!" responded the chief, for the whole of the negroes.

The storm, however, had spent its worst fury.

The wind, like the waves, was subsiding.

The flashes of lightning were less vivid, and less frequent. The peals of thunder rolled off, faint and far.

The rain fell softer.

After two o'clock the clouds began to break away, dispersed. And at three o'clock the same placid scene that had shone upon Ebelie, bright smiles, in her small dwelling in the distant city, looked in now through the attic window, upon the face of Ebelie, seated among her sable attendants.

As soon as the thunder and lightning had ceased, the negroes, a heavy-headed race, had, one by one, dropped asleep on the attic floor.

But not so Ebelli Ebelie—she gave herself to slumber. The novelty and excitement of her position prevented her from closing her eyelids. The purpose of the dashing floods of rain, and the howling blasts of wind, was learned and understood.

It came not—like the thunder, the rain, and the wind—in fitful and startling assaults.

It came at certain intervals—regular, monotonous, and incessant as fate.

It was a slow succession of dull, heavy, tremendous shocks, at each of which the solid earth seemed to quake and shudder.

Each shock was nearer harder, heavier than the last. The negroes heard it in appalled silence.

Our young Indian listened to the last unknown sound, and looked upon the panic-stricken faces of her people. Then she inquired, with forced calmness—

"What is that noise, Timon?"

"Oh Miss Ebelli, Timon don't ax me! Say your prayers, chile, an' let's die like Christians."

"Oh, God! it is the sea—it is the sea thundering upon the Island!" exclaimed Ebelie, as the awful truth broke upon her consciousness.

This followed weeping and wailing, and wild wringing of the hands among her servants.

Ebelie, herself, was silent, and unmoved by emotion, after her first exclamation, became composed. Her clear, strong, intellectual mind had comprehended the circumstances.

"The house stands high, the walls are of solid masonry. The sea may enter and flood the lower chambers, but will not be likely to rise to the upper ones, and cannot sweep away the building. So said to herself.

But, meanwhile, the wild tumultuous waters thundered onwards like a vast besieging army. Soon the strong walls shook under the commanding of the waves.

The negroes howled in the very agony of terror.

"Ebelie, what is it, what is it?" exclaimed the young heroine, rising and lifting her hand to attract attention.

In an instant the lamentations ceased, and all looked up to her beautiful inspired face, as though it had been the face of an angel.

"Do the attic chambers? Every one of you to the attic! There you will be safe! Go!"

But as remanded were their faculties by fright, and so confused their senses—with the howling of the raving, chaotic noises of rolling thunder, and howling blasts—that they were still in doubt what to do.

Another roar of the waters that broke against the tremb ling walls and creaking doors and windows of the house—that they seemed to hear the last the power of motion.

"To the attic! to the attic for your lives! Snatch up the children and fly!" exclaimed Ebelie, just as a concussion, thundering louder than all, and bearing down the doors and windows, rushed rushing into the house.

They had had barely time to seize the children and run through the back door to the back staircase, up which they fled before the pursuing waters.

Ebelie, who had lingered behind to see that none were left, and have been whirled away by the first rush of waters that soon filled the first floor, but for her power of swimming. So she reached the staircase and clambered up.

Three flights of stairs brought her to the attic, where she found her terrified people assembled.

"We are safe! We are safe! nature thanks to God and all sympathies at rest," exclaimed their mistress, as she joined them.

"Oh, young missus, is you sure?" inquired one of the old women.

Yes! the water has risen only to the fifth step on the lower staircase—it is subsiding and it might rise so high, and nearly impossible that it should rise higher. Be all composed. Our danger is past, who holds the sea in the hollow of his hands. Who says unto the wild waters, "Thus far, no farther shall thou go; and here let thy proud waves be stayed." The storm must be nearly expended. It is almost midnight, and at midnight, and noonday, like sunset and sunrise, are always crises in "calendar" and the young girl.

But unused was she to contemplate her comforting testimony. For in this lofty, bleak, exposed attic, the violence of the storm was fearfully apparent. Through the uncovered glass windows, the lightning blazed in continuous and blinding glare. Over the rear roof, the thunder broke in deafening crashes. Above upon the peaked gables, the wind raved, rifling off and hurling down the shingles. And through every chink and crevice the rain poured; while up from below rose the roar of the undistinguished surrounding waters.

It was a night of terror. Ebelie knew, and desolation, as the oldest negro on that island had never seen before.

And one o'clock, while the storm was still raging, Ebelie crept down in the dark, to take observation of how high the waters might have risen. In the house. Down two flights of stairs she went, and paused at the head of the third. It was pitch dark. She snapped and listened, and heard the muffled motion of the waters within the walls. She was amidst, from the sound, to judge how near they might be to her feet.

"Never mind! I will hold by the bannisters and step cautiously, and when I wet my shoes, it will be time enough to stop," said the heroic girl, as she went down on her dark and dangerous exploration. She felt each step before she trod on it, cautious, and had not yet wet her feet, when by the red gleam of the sea lights left burning high in the hands of the image on the marble-shelf of the large room, she saw the dark pool of waters below. Now, it may be strange, but it is true, that she still, black, confined algae of water in an unbound place, filled her soul with more fear than the great waves of the open sea could have inspired, because anything—anything with fear was a disgust and loathing which could make no part of the terrors of the great ocean. Nevertheless, she went down nearly to the dark water's edge, and by the red gleam of the candle-light upon the surface, she noticed that it had fallen to the third step and was steadily subsiding. Having ascertained this fact she hastened back up stairs to rejoice the hearts of her people with these glad tidings.

"The sea is receding, in an hour or two we are relieved from the house! Now, will you return thanks to the Lord who has stayed the waves?" she exclaimed, as she joined her people.

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They quickly opened all the doors and windows to let the forging air pass through, and then they went forth from the house.

So rapidly had the sea submerged and receded that the ground was still soft and covered inches deep with the sand. And they were enabled to pass, if not dry-shod, yet without wading, down to the beach, called the Shells.

There was a wild scene! The higher sizes of the shoals were littered with fragments of the wreck—broken spars, planks, casks, crops, etc. Farther down, the beach was piled with heaps—some of them

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

RENUNCIATION.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

There is a dream—
A strange, bright vision that will to me come,
At noon, at morn, in the still twilight's gloom;
A radiant phase,
Of sweetest joy,
A thought of love most beautiful and bright!
A vision formed of innumerous delight
Which cannot die,
Nor
Blind and lame,
In this ended heart is many a sacred spot
By the World's curious eyes profaned not;
And there is here
Where broken fire
Burns with unconsumed and still intenser flame
For, on the altar of a sacred name,
My vain desires.

In vain I in vain I
With ceaseless wail, and ever deep'ning smart
Rang thro' the chambers of this darkened heart
The name it bore,
Though it is given
No sight of love—no hope of fond success—
From him whose noble love my soul could bless
Like hope of Heaven.

Oh! happy pain!
This heart hath been so worn, so pressed by grief,
So crushed, as now, so baptized in woe,
Th a death seemed gain.
But it is not,
The weight, the crushing so near to die
Though God hath strength from know no more;
I rest at last!

Yes, rest content!
And yet I should repine to hear the call
To fold my hands and close mine eyes on all
My earth-life upon;
God knoweth just
He knoweth well what life is most for me,
Both as to which as my future be;
In Him I rest.

Oh! and Thou rest!
Be near me, oh! My God. I do feel pray
That thou wouldst make me better day by day,
More like to Thee.
And be his guide
Oh! let us meet at last before thy throne;
And let us both be satisfied over there,
And there abide.

THE CROOKED RIB;

OR

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I am sorry to hear that Philip Grelan is going to marry Mabel Tracy," said one of a group of young gentlemen who were gathered in the reading-room of the principal hotel of the village in which most of them had their home.

"Why are you sorry, James?" asked one of them, in return. "Surely, Mr. Grelan is a fine fellow and there is not a prettier girl in all Lewisdale than Mabel Tracy. I should imagine what cause of sorrow you can have, unless you are one of her rejected lovers."

"Hush, Martin," said another, hastily, as James moved away without reply. "Don't you know that James loves Jane Tracy? and you know, perhaps, whether she liked him for that ominous millionaire from Perkopolis; who, as gleefully both by gossips and persons as one of his own swine, contrived to overshadow the modest prettiness and dimensions of our friend yonder! He had the ear of the house for a long time, and known the family well; while not even his great disappointment has led him to the utterance of a bitter word tinged with a shade of falsehood. Depend upon it, if he is sorry to hear of Mabel's approaching marriage with Grelan, it has reason."

"Well," answered Martin, "I did not know of that broken engagement, or I would not have said what I did. It must have been the ring-dropper and decline while I was away 'seeking my fortune' (in vain, I was not to say) in the South. Call James back and I'll apologize, and then make him tell what the trouble may be with poor Mabel."

"James, come here," called out one of his friends. "Martin did not mean to hurt you, for he was away at the South at the time you were calling at Jane Tracy's, and was in blissful ignorance of all the events of that period, until he met you the last five minutes."

"Indeed, I was," chimed in Martin, "so don't bear malice on account of my jest, there's a good fellow. But just sit down here, take one of these cigars, and then tell us what you mean you so sorry for Philip Grelan."

"I don't care not tell you, Martin," said James, as he accepted a cigar and a chair, at the same time, "I see they have been telling you of the affair about which I thought it unnecessary to speak to me, and about which I have not learned to lose just persistently. My relations with the Tracy's were, of course, intimate at that period, and, if I was disdied by our number of the family, I was certainly on perfectly close-sighted as to the others. I used to please myself with the fancy of becoming my pure and precious Jane from all contact with them, the moment I had the power. Old Tracy is a domestic tyrant of the most malignant type, hiding his tyrannism beneath a bland exterior—except when in the privacy of his own family circle. Mrs. Tracy has learned a cowish submission to his whims and caprices—when in his presence—and revenges herself for all her forced compliance to his will exercise of the tyrant in his absence. The girls are what might be expected from such a stock, under such peculiar circumstances. I am sorry for the man who marries either of them—particularly Jane and Mabel, who, with his poetic temperament and great refinement of feeling. He seeks a wife whom he can love, respect, reverence. He needs a help mate, I think, will find a crooked rib."

"Let me hope you may be mistaken, James," replied Martin. "Love works wondrous transformations, and may cause Jane Tracy to become as meek as she is pretty. I am inclined to believe that even if she be a bit of a shrew, he is still a lucky fellow. The dish of matrimony, especially after it becomes a little stale, will be none the worse for a modicum of spice. And then as to my private opinion, and gentle women don't please me at all. I like to be vanquished by opposition. I love to see the glowing cheek; the flashing eye; the rosy, clenched fingers; the decided stamp of a small little foot of a pretty woman when she has worked herself into a rage, about a trifle, against something she loves. I like to see her cry by-and-by, back the tears when she begins to melt; and so watch how they finally extinguish the force of her anger; and her pretty quivering lip, and her soft beauty. For my part, I think Philip is to be envied, rather than pitied. There is pleasant, exciting life he will lead?"

There was a general laugh at Martin concluded, in which all but James joined. He had not quite cured himself of his passion for Jane Tracy, although he doubted sometimes as he thought of one or two displays of her temper which he had accidently witnessed. But he could not laugh at the picture Martin drew. He could see nothing to excite merriment in domestic discord; and he sincerely pitied his friend Philip for the fate to which he was hastening.

The group dispersed, and each turned homeward. It chanced that James and Martin—whose road was the same—met Philip Grelan and his betrothed sauntering slowly along the village street, in the direction of Colonel Tracy's residence. The radiance of the latter's countenance was dazzling the sensitive waves of soft light seemed to gather about Philip's white brow, from which he had lifted his hat, that the summer breeze might play among his dark curls. His happy face was uplifted, all radiant with the joy reflected from the spiritual face of the earnest joy it seemed—an intense fulness of satisfaction.

Mabel hung upon his arm, looking slowly and lovingly up into his face. Her own was in a more quiet expression,—there was a softness of outline —a dewy light in the full, grey eye—a quiet smile about the red lips quite satisfying; behold in her changeful moods before love's influence had asserted itself. James could not such an expression upon her sister's countenance, when in the early days of his infatuation it had thus been raised to meet his glance. He uttered an involuntary exclamation as memories came rushing over him of that past that had been so light, and yet so dangerous to him in such darkness.

The lovers heard and turned. Martin and his friend were walking in the black shadows of the horse-chestnuts which shaded that part of the street; neither Philip nor Mabel at first recognized either of them. And when they at length knew James, a change came over the expression of each. Mabel held out his hand with a joyful exclamation, while a beautiful smile of delight lit up the face that then gathered on Mabel's brow, and she turned from James's greeting with an impatient gesture. Mrs. Tracy all hated James, simply because they had injured him, hated him for a single reason which takes when flying from a sense of their wrong-doing wards others.

So Mabel now listened impatiently to the greetings of the friends, and showed her displeasure in a way that led Philip to look with surprise and inquiry. Martin and James lifted their hats to Mabel and passed on, and Philip drew her hand closer within his own, and looked down into her face, trying to read with pained gaze what he saw there. James was very dear friend—he had been absent from Lewisdale for some months—and Philip was made glad by seeing him once more. But he was flattered himself that Mabel already sympathies in all his feelings, that her heart being his, was to respond through life to his emotions. But she did not reflect them. He had been very happy since he had known and loved her, and nothing could have had marred the silent sympathy which had grown up between them.

"What is it, Mabel?" he said, in those low tones which were wont to win him such precious glances of love for eyes—"what is it, darling, that makes you sad?"

"Perfectly well," answered Mabel, and the frown that corrugated her white brow made her positively ugly, as she spoke in a harsh, unnatural voice.

"But there is something—tell me what it is. Are you displeased with me?"

Mabel did not answer, but made a petulant movement to withdraw her arm from his. It was Philip's turn to suspect. He was a quick observer, and a ready judge in silence, also looking from time to time at the flushed, angry face of his love, he became painfully but a few moments before.

At length they reached the Colonel Tracy's door. Mabel drew her arm from his, sprung up the steps, and rang the bell violently. Before Philip could have time for more than a word or two, a servant let the door, and Mabel had crossed the threshold.

"I will not detain you, Philip," she said, suddenly turning to him. "I am very much fatigued, and wish to retire at once."

Philip looked at her for a moment in silence. The servant still lingered—as if waiting to close the door, and evidently listening to the colloquy. Philip drew Mabel into the darkened parlor at the side—he drew her to the window, where the moon looked through the dew-vine-leaves, she probably falsely at the time.

"I cannot go, Mabel, until you tell me why you are angry," he said. "Tell me, darling, how I have offended you."

His gentle tones melted Mabel's anger. But she would not yield too readily to the softer mood.

"I am really tell you why I am angry, Mr. Grelan. You must know that Mr. James is no longer my friend. He visited me formerly at the time of *Jane's* marriage, and was determined to insult upon the friendship of some children whom she had made to him. Papa requested him not to visit her any more—in short—ordered him from the house because he annoyed *Jane*, and threatened to tell Mr. Wilson of her engagement to me. For that reason, some of us have ceased to speaking terms with him."

"And you are angry because I spoke to him tonight, Mabel; do you know that James is my dearest friend in all the world, certainly next to Dr. Do you wish me to give up his friendship; to decline the sight of him? If so, I know you, made no happier than might else?"

"I wish to know if you love me as well as James, or if he is still to be your dearest friend?"

"Mabel, Mabel, you are cruel. Do you not know that no one can be placed before you? That if James I have a man's friendship—for you a man's love,—think you there is no difference in the two feelings? Oh! my darling, you know there is. But they need not become discordant. Mabel, I ask of you love—my love—my confidence, and I am quite prepared to take your friendships to my heart—have you my promise. Philip Grelan is not broken, as had been those of some of her brothers and sisters. His had long been the child beyond profitable to life, while in the midst of their youth.

Philip, profoundly aged and worn by sorrow, sighed when this daughter had reached eighteen—he had been a father for nearly twenty years. Against this marriage Mrs. Grelan had set the whole force of her will. But had long been the child that stowed prophetically by *James*—" the crooked rib," and never had she more discerned in that a sign of evil than on this occasion. Philip had pleaded for once, but the triumph was doubly won. In her secret heart she had hoped that the opposition of her mother would have succeeded all former bonds. What power over him had a torrent of fierce words ever heard through the closed door of Philip Grelan's study, then a heavy fall, followed by piercing shrieks.

The attendants rushed in—Philip had fallen in a fit. Mrs. Grelan was alarmed to something the former womanly nature, bent over him in grief piteous to behold. Before night he was dead.

For a time Mabel seemed awed and subdued into gentleness, but the old habits soon returned their sway. She had been her servants upon whom to exercise her tyrannies, and she found it difficult to procure those who would submit. So under the pretence of loneliness she closed her house and went away to live in the city.

She established herself there at a fashionable boarding-house, where she was soon known as a rich widow.

The old proverb tells us that, "what has happened may happen again." Rich widows attract adventurers, and honest men also. Mrs. Grelan attracted one of the former class—a handsome, well-preserved man of fifty, with hair and whiskers dyed to the deepest black, and teeth that would pass of glossy thickness, and both that would pass for his own, could they be bought at any time. He wooed and won the rich widow, and she returned with him to Lansville, to the house put fitted with new mirrors to her dead husband, and the little cone where she had driven from a mother's warm bosom to the grave.

Mr. Priestly was very much disappointed in his wife. It took him a long time to discover the fact. She tried to exert her old habits of supremacy, she made the same fierce storms, she swore at servants, but domestic dominion and utterly failed.

At first, Mr. Priestly looked on with a quiet amusement, at the author of her anger; at first he stopped his ears, with a contemptuous smile, when the storm became shrill; but he soon assumed his authority as head of the household. He determined to make the domestic routine smooth, if possible to make straight his "crooked rib." There was collision between the high powers, and Mabel was at first amazement, but gathered strength for the combat.

Sometimes trials of their strength but enraged her, while his coolness was imperturbable, and his will was exerted in the face of all her opposition. At length he informed her, as if it were the merest piece of gossip, that he had invited several of his friends from the city for a summer sojourn at the cottage. Her rage broke forth unrestrained—he left the room, and in a few minutes she encountered her, and it was an insult, an assumption not to be borne. Then words—words of scorn he had never heard, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the disposition of mind which they possess. Happy is he whom distress has taught the lesson that turn their pain to account in the interesting scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, constructed with the nicest of his ancestors, wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning upon golden hinges, flew open at his approach, a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Hajar of the Caliphs, and all the ministers of the realm, and of different complexions; on which sat Abdallah, the much lamented son of Bonabdin, and by his side the lovely Almeida.

"Gracious Alla! it is my son," cried the Caliph. "Yet, no; he died long since in my house."

"Thou canst not grasp an unrebuttal vision," replied the angel; "I am now showing you what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth."

"And why?" said Bonabdin, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be the father of a child so fair and so good?"

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"Happy," said Caliph, "is he whom *Providence* has by the gentle means of sickness, or the gentler guilt! from whom the power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have rendered him a wretch! How great yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

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"Cast away the dagger," replied the Heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for resignation, and look up to the throne of thine God with down without guiltless and supplication into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom, and be assured that even not infinitely, perfectly compassional anything among an infinity of worlds, can exist but by Him the channels which thou commanded to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the Red Sea, whereby that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature, for perfect happiness is only attainable by universally incommunicable as perfect power and mercy."

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It is necessary to curtail all useless expenses in order to be more liberal in charitable donations to the poor and friendless. Frequently that which costs most at first, is ultimately cheapest, and it is always economical to purchase articles of superior quality, if they are suitable. Do not fail to remember that the folly of those women who imagine save a vast estate, while they suffer themselves to be cheated in objects of importance.

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TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

Bonabdin, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and the spacious apartments of the golden halls of gladness, when his only son Abouras, for whom he had intended his dominions, died, and entombed his dominions by conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly seized with a mortal disease, and expired in an unknown land, and expired in the field.

Bonabdin, in the bitterness of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighboring mountain, and resided himself in the dust, and wore the hair of his heavy head, and dashed the cup of consolation from the hands of all his attendants. He suffered not his minutest to approach his presence, but by the terrors of the sable and ghostly visits of midnight, that fill through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. He would be benevolent, he said, when all those wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected arrows, were healed; but he could be benevolent with irremediable calamity? To lying in the dust, to be no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom no prevised reigns in Heaven, but the Almighty, possessing the miserable sons of men that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest hopes, and to bring down to the dust the proudest, must grant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the storms of his anger. If Providence governed the goodness and the power with which flattering praises have invested him, he would have been loved and consulted as friends, whose evils which render the world a dungeon of despair, and whose goods which make it a paradise.

"Is there no hope," said the awful contrast; "I am Caloc, the angel of Peace. Look from beneath into the valley."

Bonabdin raised his eyes and beheld a barren, a solitary, and solitary island, in the midst of which and a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure; it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the dangers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fowl he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a sight to any ship that might happily approach the island.

Inhabitant of Heaven," said Bonabdin, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the Angel, "and listen."

He looked again, and beheld a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the unhappy merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this joyless commander received the splendid sum, than he began to mutiny with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile on the same desolate spot where they found him, in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?" exclaimed Bonabdin. "Look again," said the Angel, "and behold the very ship in which, shortsighted as those art, thou wishest for one. Great might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom you had just died shall be taken from his misery ineffable, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he amassed not only abundance, but misery. Instead he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which the dread of robbers and murderers destroyed and obviates your fear. This wealth he has now been taught and only to despise and detest. He sees his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and promised them to be rewarded with the rest. He now learns, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the disposition of which they are possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught the lesson that turn their pain to account in the interesting scene."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SICK, AND FROM HOME.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Mother! Mother! through the darkness
Of mine absence, I can see
Thy sweet face all tears and weakness
For the one who used to be.
Now thou seest, softly, lay,
Unalterable through many days.

From my home beloved the farthest,
Withered, but envy me not,
As I sit there the sun hours
Vainly seeking to extract
All the wrath I heard this day—
Last wrath—one year ago to-day.

Flowers! I've sat out of her giving
If your sunshine they've not been;
That day all your blooms was loving,
And I only love the more.
Therefore, like a whole heart—
It was wearing when I wore.

As a babe hates that bath
In a chemic, my poor heart fire,
Which I used and want that breath
Makes sentiency indistinct,
Sings my heart! sings on, scenery!
Wrangle it, and blast, and destroy!

Evermore I hear the flowing
Of cold waters; I could rest
And forget the foundering
Of a navigator dead to be.
I shall sweetly lie at rest
If my head be on her breast!

Shall I feel her kisses, never,
Never, on my forehead more?
Shall I, my forehead ever
Feel my heart, when I am sore?
Answer—who shall hold and cheer me
If her sweetness be not there?

Withered flowers, there cannot no sorrow
To the long, long night of mine
Where you are, and where
Nothing ever shall disturb
Pain beside me a shrouded breast—
No sin-tempest take that rest!

ALMOST A DUEL;

OR,

THE JEALOUS TAILORS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jared Milliken was the tailor of Bigtown. He was a young man, but an excellent tailor. The people liked his fit, and his custom was on the increase, and not again in the world all alone, with part of a neat upon his knees, and his thimble upon his finger, and hard was not at work. His head drooped, and his bosom heaved. Ever and anon a low sobbing would escape him, and his head would be pressed upon his breast. Ah, Jared was in love. He was deeply, passionately in love. And he was not unhappy. No, no, not unhappy. The charming girl had promised to be his; or, at least, he looked upon it as a promise. He had talked to her of love, and she had smiled, and spoken of love in return. And then it was that he told the secret of her sweet lips. Yes, he had kissed her a hundred times, and she had kissed him in return.

So Jared Milliken was not unhappy. If he sighed, it was for love; and if he had a wish unfulfilled, it was that he were already married.

Thus Jared sat, when the door was thrown unceremoniously open, and a woman entered. He was a middle-aged man, but yet a man. And as for that matter, Jared was small-sized, too.

"How d'ye do?" said the visitor, curtly.

"Eh, Jerry, is it you?" cried Jared, throwing aside the part of a coat over which he had been sighing.

"Yes—it's me."

"Why, Jerry Hopkins! I'm glad to see ye."

"And I'm glad to see Jared Milliken," returned Jerry Hopkins.

Now, Jerry Hopkins was a tailor, too. He was the tailor of Bintown. Bintown was only fifteen miles away, and a stage ran from Bigtown to Bintown twice a week.

"How's business?" asked Jerry.

"Pretty good," returned Jared. "How is it with you?"

"Never was better. But what has happened? I thought you looked kind o' glum, when I came in."

"Glum! Pooh!"

"Oh! I didn't know but your business was slacked."

"Never was better in the world."

"I'm glad of it."

"What's the news?"

"Oh, nothing strange. I'm the newest thing there is here."

Jared looked at his visitor, and there was a coat of pity in his countenance. For some time, she conversation turned upon general business, until, finally, there came a silence, which was at length broken by Jared's asking:

"What brought ye up into this section?"

"Ah!" said Jerry, with a dubious shake of the head, "you'll laugh at me."

"Laugh! No! I won't laugh. What was it?"

"Well, then!"

"Aha—ha—ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jared. "Aha, ha, ha—you've been and fell in love, have ye? Aha—ha—ha!—Jerry Hopkins—you've been and fallen in love!"

"You said you wouldn't laugh, you, Jared Milliken."

"But I couldn't help it, Jerry. You've been and followed me. Aha, ha, ha! You've done well? But—who is she, Jerry?"

"You must know her, Jared. She belongs here. But she's a beauty! Oh, Jared, Jerry Hopkins—she is a beauty! Short, fat, coy; dimpled cheeks and chin; blue eyes; golden hair; teeth like pearls; and as neat a foot and ankle as ye ever caught; and is as happy as—as days are long!"

Jared looked very much interested. His visitor had described his own charmer to a point. He urged was exactly like the one Jerry had so glowingly described.

"What d'ye think of her?" asked Jerry.

"Why, she must be a—a—and the male for ye. But what's her name?"

"Ah—that's telling. But you must know her."

"Never mind. Tell me her name."

"Well, her name is Lizzie Pingleton."

Jared Milliken turned pale as death. It was the name of his own sweet.

"Why, what's the matter, Jared?" asked Jerry, in astonishment.

"Eh—why—why, I've only a touch of the cholic. I have it awful. Oh! Oh! Oh-o-o-o! I shall be better soon!"

"Well—I'll see you again. I'm in a hurry, now. I haven't called at Mrs. Pingleton's yet. How is she all by?"

"*I don't know!*" thundered Jared in fury.

"My eyes! Why, you're terrible, Jared."

"It's the cholic, I tell ye. I shall be better, as soon as I am alone."

Jerry Hopkins waited no hear no more, and telling his friend that he would call in again on the morrow, he took his leave.

As soon as the door was closed, Jared leaped to his feet, and clasped his hands above his head, throwing himself into just the position which Ajax assumed when he defied the lightning.

"Ye gods!" he cried, with tragic power. "And has it come to this? Must I see my betrothed caught away by such a thing? Shall a miserable tailor of Bintown steal from me my love? Shall Bintown steal from a curse upon me! No! never! Bintown may keep its tailor, but it shall not receive within its walls the like of me and I. Never! never! *It* love Lizzie Pingleton! *It*, *the Bintown Tailor!* By the powers of earth, of air and of water, and by the powers of darkness, too, I swear, that Bintown's tailor shall not leave this land alive, if he thinks to wrest from me the hand of my adored one! Hear me, ye winged winds, for I swear it! Death! death before death-o-o-o!"

Jared looked out upon the green earth, and he saw that his own sun almost down, that it put way his goose, and then put on his cravat and coat. After that, he composed the raging tempest that wrecked in his soul, as well as he could, and then walked forth.

At nine o'clock Jared arose to depart. Lizzie accompanied him to the gate, where they stood and talked awhile longer. The moon was shining brightly, and Jared urged his charmer to go and walk with him a little way. He put his arm about her, and, drawing her upon his bosom, he gave her a sweet kiss. The sharp report had just broken upon the air when Jared started at the sound of a step close by, and upon looking up, whom should he see but the Bintown tailor!

"Lizzie!" gasped Jerry Hopkins in a frightened tone.

"Go away, Mr. Hopkins. Go away sir," she said, promptly.

"Ay—go away, sir; and on the morrow I will see you sir!" pronounced Jared, deeply and threatening.

"Do go away, Mr. Hopkins," added Lizzie.

The poor Bintown tailor gave one more searching gaze into Lizzie's face, as though he would assure himself that he was not mistaken, and then he turned away, and was soon lost amidst the distant foliage.

Lizzie evaded all her lover's questions; only giving him such answers as he could make nothing of by that when she consented to walk a short distance with him during the morning.

On the following morning, Jared Milliken arose at the first sight in his shop, to let was ready for visitors at an early hour.

But what the Bintown tailor is a coward," he said, to himself. "I think the very sight of a pistol would start him right out of his boots."

Jared resolved to act upon this idea. He never once thought that Hopkins might cherish the same thought. He had a pair of pistols—an enormous pair—a pair he had taken for a bad debt. He once made a fall and for Mr. Shadwray Stansbang, and those pistols were all he ever got for pay. He brought them forth from an old chest, and thought of them did not terfly him, as he knew they were not loaded. He had a sash around his waist, and he stuck the large weapons beneath it, he pallidly hair down so as to give he face a strange look, and then crushing on his hat, he started forth.

Jared Milliken strode across the village green, and was passing into the street, when he came plump against Jerry Hopkins. The two tailors stepped off and measured each other, and in the same moment each gave a frightened start backward.

Jared Milliken was the first to recover. Seeing that Hopkins was not so than did the two enormous pistolmen which Hopkins never suspected upon one belt.

"Take care!" gasped he of Bintown, drawing a cutlass with a quaking hand.

"Ah—a—a—*Look out!*" burst from the pale lips of Jared. He had already secured a weapon, and got out a pistol from his sash.

"Who are ye?" was all Jared "stammered Jerry Hopkins, retreating a step, and holding the pointed cutlass up before him.

"Who—what is this—to ye."

"Then put up your pistol."

"Then put up your sword."

The weapons were put up, and both men breathed more freely.

"Now, what ye got to say?"

"I want to know what for ye plague my girl?"

"Who d'ye call your girl?"

"Lizzie Pingleton."

"Your girl!"

"*Your girl!* She is *mine!* She's my promised wife," persisted he of Bintown, with snapping eyes.

"Did you see a girl with me last night?" asked Jared.

"Yes. I see my girl with ye. And I vent ye kiss her."

"And I send you kiss her yesterday afternoon. You was a standin' on my piazza."

"Then you have come to that prove that she's my girl?"

"Yes. It proves that you was a tryin' to get away my girl."

"Then don't. D'ye s'pose Lizzie Pingleton is having any thing to do with you? She knows better'n that."

The trouble's stunt this. He drew a pistol, and took a step forward. Jerry Hopkins whipped out his pistol, and took a step forward.

"You shan't go right down to the builder's house for that. Stop!" cried Jared, interposing the force of the thought.

"Yes, I dare it," returned Jared, leaping back under the fear that the other's sudden advance meant mischief.

"I can't come on. By the piper's cow, we'll have this hash settled! I'll know what's what. I know what's what, and what's not what, for I see her; but that was only to wool ye. Lizzie Pingleton knows too much. I know to."

And away they went. Both were confident, and both were very weak. With steps as long as two each little one could take they crawled on, Jared's pistols dragging wearily upon him, while the most wonderful display of fury's two antagonists charged together with a ring that sounded far and wide.

At length they reached the widow's cot. They approached, and both knocked in concert. Lizzie came to the door.

"Ah—good morning, gentlemen. Walk in. Will you have—have—Ahs! ha-ha-ha-ho-ho-e-e-e!"

And again the bright-eyed girl laughed till she was faint.

"Mrs Pingleton," spoke he of Bintown, "may I ask the meaning of this?"

"No, no,—you mustn't ask me anything," she replied; and then turning towards the hall, she cried out, in a loud, merry tone,—

"Lizzie! Lizzie!"

"Yes!" came from a distant apartment.

"Here—come and take care of your tailor;—Come quick! He's got deadly weapons with him, and looks savage as a mad-ass!"

In a few moments more light feet were heard pattering upon the floor, and soon a second girl made her appearance. But who was she? A counterpart of Lizzie! Yes, the very same. Jared looked upon one, and then upon the other, and gradually the truth burst upon him. He knew that Lizzie had a sister, but he did not know that she was a twin sister, having seen her before. But he began to detect a difference.

"You are mine," he said, holding out his hand to the one who had appeared in their summons.

"You, Jared Milliken!"

"Which is yours, Jared?" asked one of them, smiling.

Poor Jared looked first at